

The Northwest Missourian

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APRIL 30, 1965

Next MSC Play On May 6-7 Is 'Critic's Choice'

The Northwest State College honor dramatics fraternity will present Ira Levin's 3-act comedy, "Critic's Choice," Thursday and Friday nights, May 6 and 7, in the Little Theater of the Administration Building.

The rehearsals and production details are well underway on the play, the 8th annual production project of the Kappa Sigma cast of Alpha Psi Omega national honorary dramatics fraternity.

David Shestak will appear as Parker Ballantine, "the greatest drama critic in the world," in the play which was a Broadway hit in 1960-61. The story concerns a leading Broadway dramatic reviewer whose wife puts him in a hot-spot by writing a play. He knows that it is a bad play but, suffering from ineradicable integrity, he feels compelled to write a blasting review of it.

The reviewer has already lost his first wife, an actress whom he gave a derogatory review, and should be aware of the consequences of knocking his second wife's playwrighting efforts. His happy marriage is further endangered by wife No. 1 trying to get him back while wife No. 2 is being pursued, not too unwillingly, by an earnest young director.

Miss Doris Wilson, as Angela, will portray the playwright-wife who would like her critic-husband to mix marriage with business and favor her play with a word or two of praise — like "colossal" or "stupendous." Miss Carolyn Enis will be seen as Ivy London, the actress, who wants to make the most of her former husband's predicament. Dan McLaughlin will play Dion, an amorous director. Others in the cast will be Danny Robertson as John, the critic's wise-cracking 12-year-old son, Miss Eddielea Roe as Mrs. Orr, a mother-in-law so understanding that no son-in-law could conceivably entertain a mother-in-law joke, and Miss Judy McGinnis as Essie, a housemaid who hilariously defies the critic's rules for playwrighting with a telephone conversation.

ATTENTION

1965-66

STUDENT TEACHERS

Please check the student teacher's bulletin board on the first floor of Colden Hall, west wing. There are important announcements concerning Student Teaching Seminars which will be held next week, May 3, 4, and 6, under the leadership of Dr. Milan B. Dady, director of Student Teaching.

College Heights to Be Replaced by Science and Math Building in 1966



Pictured above is College Heights, campus housing for married students. Present building plans indicate that a new Math and Science Building will be located on this site north of the Administration Building.

Because of the coming changes at MSC, a number of alterations will take place on this campus in the future. The money has been requested from the state legislature for a new science building to be erected on this campus. The building is slated to be located north of the present administration building.

Before the actual construction of the building can begin, the structures now located on the site will have to be removed. The present buildings are known as College Heights and house married students attending MSC. Because a number of couples and their families are living in these homes, a serious problem faces these students. When this is coupled with the ever-increasing enrollment, a really serious housing problem is to be faced.

The construction of the new building will not begin until possibly late this summer. If any delays are forced, the construction could be as distant as January of 1966. The present housing will be available until August of 1965, and any delay of construction would allow the buildings to be used until January of the following year.

If sufficient private housing is not available, the college will make arrangements to purchase or build suitable, low-cost housing for married students and their families. At the present time the college administration is attempting to make private housing available.

Connected with the problem of the location of College Heights is the ever-expanding trailer park located at the west edge of the campus. Arrangements are being made for private ownership of the present facilities to insure a standard level of operation of a new trailer park.

Any new developments in this general area will be made public as the information is received by the NORTHWEST MISSOURIAN.

NWMSO Studies Now Available at Wells Library

Copies of the Northwest Missouri State College Studies, including Dr. James Lowe's Educational and Occupational Aspirations of High School Seniors and Dr. Wanda Walker's Juvenile Delinquency—A Psychological Problem are now obtainable at the circulation desk at the library for 50 cents each.

Item from an Oklahoma industrial journal: "The bathtub was invented in 1850 and the telephone 1875. Had you been living in 1859, you could have sat in the bathtub for twenty-five years without the phone ringing."

Home Economics Group Hears Dr. Youmans

Dr. Rita Youmans, associate dean of the school of home economics of the University of Wisconsin, spoke to the assembly for home economics majors of MSC last week on "Projecting Home Economics."

Preceding the assembly, Dr. Youmans was guest of honor at a dinner at Armstrong's Restaurant given by members of the home economics faculty.

The Alpha chapter of Kappa Omicron Phi gave a tea at the Home Management House in honor of Dr. Youmans who is an alumna member of the organization.

Independent Candidate Wins Top Campus Political Office

Jerry Taylor, Independent candidate, is the president-elect for the 1965-66 school year. Travers Booth, is the vice-president elect for the coming year. Darwin Bears, is the Union Board Chairman-elect for next year at MSC.

Three men have been officially named as winners of the recent student body election at MSC by representatives of the Student Senate.



Jerry Taylor, a junior majoring in accounting and minoring in finance and insurance, was elected MSC student body president for the 1965-66 school year in a pre-Easter voting. Sponsored by the Men's Dorm Council, Taylor, the United Campus Candidate, defeated his opponent, Leo Papas, for the presidential position.

A native of Indianola, Ia., Taylor served for three years in the United States Army before coming to MSC. A past president of the College Veterans Club, Taylor is now serving as treasurer of that organization.

Last summer Taylor was awarded the St. Louis Post Dispatch gold medallion for his outstanding achievement as a member of the Missouri National Guard.

Taylor is also active in the Maryville chapter of People to People and in the American Legion.



Elect Booth Vice President

The newly elected vice-president of the student body is Travers Booth, a junior majoring in history and economics. Since beginning his college career at MSC, Booth has ser-

ved on the Religious Emphasis Week Committee, the Homecoming Committee, and the Freshman Orientation Committee. He has also served as president of Phi Lambda Chi social fraternity and president of the inter-fraternity council which sponsored him in the student body election.

Booth attended high school in Ottawa, Ontario, and Colorado Springs, Colorado.



Union Board Chairman

A junior majoring in social science and minoring in athletic coaching, Darwin Bears was recently elected Union Board Chairman for the 1965-66 semesters. A member of Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity, Bears was sponsored by the Interfraternity Council.

Bears' campus activities include Dorm Council and counselor, Union Board Executive Council, Social Science Club, intramural committee, ugly man committee, and Religious Emphasis Week.

Elect Senate Members

The officers for the Student Senate for the fall semester are Jim Beamers and Barb Castor, sophomores; Mary Mast and Dotty Hardiman, juniors; and Bernard Veak, jr., and Sandy Coffin, seniors.

Fulbright Scholarship

Mr. James Hurst, instructor in the division of social science, urges anyone who is interested in receiving a Fulbright Scholarship to contact him before the close of the spring semester. These scholarships are available to seniors and may be in effect for the fall semester of 1966-67. As the length of time for processing applications varies considerably, any applicant should be prompt in turning in the necessary forms. Mr. Hurst's office is located in Colden Hall room 307C.

NORTHWEST MISSOURIAN

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Mail Bag



Marvin Bell, editor
Northwest Missourian
Dear Sir:

It has been my experience that student politics on this campus consists of making a great many promises to get elected and achieve a position of power and of using that power to maintain oneself in office. Nothing seems to get done beyond the necessary minimum actions.

The student government is too much involved in process and not enough in content. Too much time is spent on election rules and not enough on positive action.

The argument that the Student Senate has no real power is invalid. A representative student government, acting according to the mandate of its electorate, has the force of a 3,400-signature petition for any cause the Senate takes up in the name of the student body. While the Senate cannot raise student wages, it certainly can confer with the persons responsible for setting the wage rate and bring the force of student opinion to bear on the issue.

If the Student Senate is ever to have any respect it must earn that respect. Election rules and bake sales do not earn respect. Action does.

Case in point: Where was the Student Senate during last year's food riots? While the Union Board Committee was in charge of the procedure for transmitting student complaints to the administration, the initial demonstration presented a unique opportunity for the Senate, the duly elected representative of the students, to act in their behalf. The Senate did not act. It did not take the responsibility and authority which the situation offered. Without the lawful student government channelling the demonstration toward lawful ends, the demonstration degenerated into rioting.

To become effective and meaningful, the Senate must do more than supervise elections and approve bake sales. It must seize the opportunity for leadership. And once having seized this responsibility, it must fulfill its obligation quickly and honorably.

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Health Office Sets Policy

The basic purpose for students reporting to the Health Office is to provide the health staff with all information in order that they might have the diagnosis and prognosis of the student's condition. Then the college health facilities can be used most effectively in the therapy prescribed by a doctor. If further complication or relapse occurs, the condition can be more adequately and successfully dealt with.

In view of recent circumstances, according to Dean Koerble, the students need to be reminded of the following health office policies and procedures which they are expected to follow:

1. Any students who go to a doctor for any health reason without informing the nurse at the health office or in the residence hall will not be eligible for a health claim against the college for the costs involved.

2. If a student requires hospitalization for an illness or injury, it is his responsibility to report to or notify the health office if he wishes to claim benefits from the college.

3. If a student is given a Physician's referral slip from the health office and does not turn it over to the doctor treating him, he will not qualify for college health benefits.

If a student has questions at any time concerning his health benefits or the health facilities, he should feel free to contact any member of the nursing staff for the answers, according to Dean Koerble.

3 MSC Coeds Place In MU Track Meet

Three Northwest State College coeds entered the University of Missouri Women's Invitational Track Meet in Columbia Saturday and all three qualified for the afternoon finals after morning preliminaries.

Phyllis Fastenau Smith, a physical education major, placed fourth in the shot put with a put of 26 feet, 10 inches, using a 8 pound, 13 ounce shot. Nancy Boyd, an English major, placed fifth in the 220-yard dash with a time of 32.8 seconds. Sharon Ostrus, a home economics major, was seventh in the 50-yard dash with a 6.9 seconds timing.

Eighty-two girls from nine colleges participated in the meet. Moberly Junior College, St. Paul's College, Southwest Missouri State College, Central Missouri State College, Culver-Stockton College, Hannibal-La-Grange College, Northeast Missouri State College, MU, and MSC all entered the meet.

Mrs. Dorothy Walker, instructor in the women's physical education department, accompanied the girls.

Merit Scholarships

Dean Koerble has announced that Merit Scholarship renewals and new applications are due May 1. They are to be returned to the Dean of Students' office.

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FINAL SCHEDULE

Classes meeting for the first time in the week:	Date and hour of final examinations:
10:00 Monday	Monday, May 24, 7:30—9:30
10:00 Tuesday	10:00—12:00
3:00 Tuesday	1:00—3:00
Social Science 1, All Sections	7:00—9:00 p.m.
Social Science 2, All Sections	3:30—5:30
11:00 Monday	Tuesday, May 25, 7:30—9:30
11:00 Tuesday	10:00—12:00
2:00 Tuesday	1:00—3:00
Humanities 2, All Sections	7:00—9:00 p.m.
P. E. 30, All Sections	3:30—5:30
8:00 Monday	Wednesday, May 26, 7:30—9:30
8:00 Tuesday	10:00—12:00
History 51, All Sections	1:00—3:00
4:00 Tuesday	3:30—5:30
1:00 Monday	Thursday, May 27, 7:30—9:30
1:00 Tuesday	10:00—12:00
3:00 Monday	1:00—3:00
4:00 Monday	3:30—5:30
9:00 Monday	Friday, May 28, 7:30—9:30
9:00 Tuesday	10:00—12:00
2:00 Monday	1:00—3:00

NOTE: ALL SECTIONS OF—

Social Science 1—May 24, 7:00—9:00 p.m.
Social Science 2—May 24, 3:30—5:30
Humanities 2 —May 25, 7:00—9:00 p.m.
P. E. 30 —May 25, 3:30—5:30
History 51 —May 26, 1:00—3:00

Homecoming Committee Meeting

According to Dr. John Harr, there will be a meeting of the Homecoming Committee on Monday, May 3, at 4 o'clock in room 314 of Colden Hall. The business of the meeting will be to select a theme for the next homecoming. All campus organizations are urged to have a representative present.

President of Feed Company

Kenneth Lepley, a 1947 graduate of MSC, was elected president of the Midwest Feed Manufacturers' Association at the association's convention in Des Moines recently.

Lepley is a general partner and sales manager of the Triple "F" Feeds of Des Moines.

The way some folks go out of their way to look for trouble, you'd think trading stamps came with it.



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The Northwest Missourian

Literary Supplement

Time and Darkness

Time seems to pass so slowly now. Time — and life. Each minute lingers as if delaying its departure from me. Time. Endless, if not pointless. Even continuing. A measure of existence for us all. Then, too, it is dark now. All is darkness. Black. It is as if a blanket has been thrust around me to hide the world from my sight.

As I sit here like this, it is easy for my mind to wander. I see the town where I have lived for so many years. It's just a small town. A town which is sheltered by the bluffs from the hardships of winter, given shade by them in the heat of summer and protected by their comforting arms from the adversities of the world in general. It's a small town. Filled with people who know all about each other simply because they make it their business to know everyone else's business. A town with quiet streets and small-minded people. A town — just an ordinary, small town.

Those children out in the light look so happy. so free of care and trouble. Time passes all too fast for them. There never seems to be enough time to do all they want to do. Before they can really delve into their frolics, mother is there calling them in. The time is gone all too quickly. Their days never seem long enough.

I can sit in this room and see so many things. My family gathered around the fireplace after a long day. Everyone talking and telling bits of news they've heard. There is an air of contentment, peace. In the glow of the fire light, we all seem so close to one another. Safe. Nothing could possibly enter here to disturb us. Time seems suspended yet fleeting.

Father is leaning upon the mantle with his pipe in hand. A wisp of its gray smoke drifts lazily to the heights of the ceiling. He is telling my brother, John, about the new mill that is being built up river. At the outer edge of the circle, sits Mama. Quietly watching her clan and listening. Mama is always so quiet and calm. Bess is playing at her feet. She loves that old doll of hers. If she isn't careful, it will fall apart it's so old.

Time. It fades so quickly but for me it is endless now. I have time — time to spare. Unlike the days of children which pass so hastily, my days live on for eternity. I have time to see. There is no day or night for me only darkness and time to fill. I can sit here and as my mind wanders, I can see many things. Out of the darkness, I see. I see through memories. Memories of times which passed all too fast. Yes, it is dark. Black. But I have time. Time and darkness are mine now for I — I am blind.

Rowena Jo. Husted
2nd Semester Sophomore
Rock Port, Missouri

In Defense of the Saguaro

Saguaros in a sullen bowl
Of heat cannot drop deep
Roots where sand-winds sweep
To blister blossoms and howl

In Hellish reverie which banishes
Chances of broad leaves
And piled sheaves.
All of this vanishes.

Now roots lie shallow
To catch each drop of water
As molten sunbeams sizzle
hotter
And probe each nook and hollow.

You have mocked saguaros
That turn back desert's hand
Which shades a burnt-out land
And claws at many tomorrows,
Vaporizing the blessing of waters
That bring green
And visions of clean
Cool rain that bathes powdery gutters.

Do not blame the stalk,
Accordion-ribbed and thirsty.
It only spreads its mercy
Against hot-air winds that talk

Of withering life, and turning all
The world to sand
Like this land;
Or brings beauty's withdrawal

By stifling a rose's bud
Frail and weak
Our world to wreck
For sunlight's bath of blood.

I am The Great Saguaro.
My thorns would be leaves
To shade my land that gives
In her great sorrow.

Why is there no soil,
But only chaos
That leers at us?
Could it be that turmoil

Was left unchecked by sleeping rich
Farmers one Saturday night
while water

Left the land for slaughter
By flooding through an irrigation ditch?

Do not condemn my last outpost
Of life in a dry world
Where dust-devils are hurled
And men have lost the Holy Ghost.

I cannot restore good earth.
It is left for man
To build, to plan
And bring back worth

To our neglected planet
And grant function to parched waterfalls
Before this last Saguaro falls
And all is sand or granite.

David I. Wright
Junior
Fort Dodge, Iowa

The Best

Of religious many
Of races any
Of ages youth
Of lovers two
Of heights tall
Of books all
Of seasons spring
Of music singing
Of roses white
Of moments night
Of birds the dove
Of feelings love
Of eyes blue
Of people you!

Mary Mast
Sophomore
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Negative

The boundless
blanket
of death, dark
night
Would we
fling about
ourselves
and
fly
off
into happy
Infinity,
were such
a shroud
not
so
cold.

Larry Cox
Freshman
Conway, Iowa

One Red Rose

I have a dream—
A lovely dream
that some day
some boy
will send me
one
red
rose.

Someday
some boy will care
enough
to think of me
and show his love with
one
red
rose.

Barbara Corbett
Freshman
Coon Rapids, Iowa

Learning

Blown with the wind,
And born of the stars;
Swift as the currents,
And Pluto and Mars;
But what am I?
Just the land and the sea?
These are all parts,
But not all of me;
Not sorrow, not joy,
Or laughter and tears;
Experience measured,
In thousands of years;
Not creator or destroyer,
of those lives of Men;
The cryptor, enscriber,
on paper and skin;
In one way I'm known,
to all of man's brothers;
Men are taught,
so they might teach others.

Michael Overbey
Sophomore
Shenandoah, Iowa

LIZA

Liza stalked over to the phonograph and hatefully twisted the knob, the music blared out even louder. "The Martins and the Coys they were reckless mountain boys — —" She stood in front of the phonograph defiantly with her hands on her hips, elbows akimbo.

Liza, a lovely, young woman, and Jim, an elderly bachelor, had been married less than a year. She had been meeting another man secretly for weeks. Early this dreary morning Liza informed Jim that she was leaving him, she wanted a divorce. Jim begged her to stay, but she only shrugged her shoulders and vindictively announced that she was not staying.

They lived in a shabby one room apartment with bath. A large room with a big double window topped by a separate section of colored glass. A huge old-fashioned steamer trunk with a portable phonograph perched atop stood along one wall. Taking up nearly half of the cluttered room was the unmade bed. Across the room and next to the big window was the kitchenette which consisted of a two burner kerosene stove and a drop leaf table with two unmatched chairs.

The small record player had been playing The Martins and the Coys constantly since they had gotten out of bed.

Liza paced the floor nervously in her dingy white chenille housecoat. Her long, uncombed hair hung in untidy wisps to her shoulders. A faint thin line of lipstick remained along the edge of her full upper lip.

Jim had pulled on a pair of pants and snapped the suspenders across his undershirt. He hadn't put his shoes on, and he sat with one bare foot atop the other. He was sitting at the kitchen table with the dirty dishes from the night before shoved back to make a place for his coffee cup. Having taken two aspirins he was now drinking some hot coffee in an attempt to rid himself of this horrible frustrating sick headache.

Jim said, "Oh — this headache — turn that damn thing down!" Liza stalked over to the phonograph, twisted the knob, the music blasted out even louder. Arrogantly she stood in front of it. Jim tired to get to the phonograph by reaching around her. Liza shoved him back hard, and he fell. Jim shouted, "Liza, turn that off!" She laughed scornfully. He jumped up and rushed to turn the blaring machine off. His nerves tightly strung were ready to snap, and he must quiet his throbbing head.

The room was full to bursting with the loud beat of the hillbilly music. Liza and Jim scuffled back and forth, Liza trying to keep him from the record player, Jim trying to turn it off. By now the struggle was serious. She would not give up, and he could not — his nerves would not let him. He could stand no more. He

hit at her. The blow glanced off her shoulder, and she started screaming. He begged, "Please — don't scream." She darted around him. Warding off an imagined blow, she hit Jim with her arm and shoved him against the small stove. He reached back to steady himself to keep from falling. His hand closed around the handle of an iron skillet on the stove.

By now he was half crazy — the pain from his head, the loud, loud music, the shrill screaming. He went after her to still the screaming, and he had the heavy skillet in his hand. He could only think, "Be quiet." "Be quiet." "BE QUIET!" Then he was hitting at that horrible screaming. Liza rushed into the bathroom and tried to shut the door, but he pushed on in. She couldn't get out of the small room; she was trapped. With terror-filled eyes of a trapped animal she numbly cowed before him with her arms flung out to protect her head — frantically screaming. Jim raised the heavy skillet high above his head and came down with all of his crazed might. He brought the skillet up and down — time and time again until the screaming stopped.

He took the skillet which now seemed so very heavy, walked out of the bathroom and closed the door, stepped across a pillow that had fallen from the bed, and turned off the blaring phonograph; put the blood-covered skillet back on the stove. He took one of the kitchen chairs and set it in front of the large uncurtained window; then he slowly sat down. He sat in the deathly quiet room with his grey-head buried in his hands — his back to the room as if to disassociate himself from the room and all of its contents.

He sat in the eerie half light of the foggy morning. Behind him, slowly the rich red blood oozed under the bathroom door, and snakelike felt its way into the disheveled room. In the distance could be heard the wail of approaching sirens — too late. Liza is dead.

The Radio

The news-bulletin breaks in upon the Beatle music, dehydrating the significance of our revels.

Larry Cox
Freshman
Conway, Iowa

ME

There are many persons wrapped up in this hide
 And many personalities within this bundle tied.
 There is the me that I know myself to be
 And the me which others think they see.
 There is the gentle me who is kind and sweet,
 And the angry me who screams and stamps her feet.
 There is the happy me who laughs and tries to sing.
 There is a gloomy me which a frown is heralding.
 There is me as sister, daughter and friend.
 There is me at the day's beginning and end.
 There is the friendly me and the snotty me,
 The good me and the naughty me.
 There is the serious me who studies and learns
 And the lonely me whose youthful heart yearns.
 There is the contented me who likes to stay at home
 And the restless me who wants to roam.
 There is the carefree me kicking her heels into the air
 And the sorrowful me with burdens too heavy to bear.
 There is me as I was, am, and will be
 All contained in the "one" person who is me.

Glenda Bright
 Senior
 Lineville, Iowa

Insight

Knowing you will leave me soon
 I will love you
 Neither more nor less
 For on that day I'll surely weep
 The morrow I shall not.

Irene Hause
 Senior
 Northfield, Minnesota

I Ask

Never leave me
 Alone
 To contemplate the distant stars
 The loneliness of a weeping girl
 The melting ice of a country creek
 Or the enticing delight of blossoming lilacs.
 Never leave me
 Alone
 To cry in the night
 Laugh in the day
 Or revel in drink.
 Never leave me
 Alone
 In the wildly cheering crowd
 Or in the darkly colored cathedral

Irene Hause
 Senior
 Northfield, Minnesota

EYES

Eyes! Eyes! Eyes!
 Can I never escape those eyes?
 Eyes that peer, pry and peep,
 Eyes that pierce the very soul of me.

Never is there an escape!
 Hide in your if you can,
 They'll follow you even there;
 Those cruel, wicked, haunting eyes.

Millions of eyes, trillions of eyes.
 They see you in the streets, in your safest retreat.
 They laugh at you, leer at you . . .
 Eyes can tear you apart with a glance.
 Wait . . .
 What do those eyes really see?

Nothing.
 They are blind to the real me,
 The me that is as tender as a flower in a protected glade,
 And so naked under the eyes of people.

Lylia Haner
 Freshman
 Woodbine, Iowa

QUESTIONS

Who granted the Herods of the South
 The power to massacre both fair-skinned
 And dark-skinned innocents?

In what subterranean kennel
 Or fiendish den do they meet to consider
 Their next rights-seeking victim?

Are the offspring mere white larvae
 Awaiting maturity to transform themselves
 Into mirrors of their vermin begetters?

Satin-white hoods, pointing to their
 Demon deity, hovering, gloating at his work,
 Will not camouflage bigots' faces from God.

Bob Majerus
 Sophomore
 Falls City, Neb.

On War

You, caveman, grab your
 CLUB
 The other tribe is killing
 The women and the children
 Of our small cave dwelling

You, Roman, grab your
 SWORD
 The Vandals, they are coming
 Today we will defeat them
 With sharp steel and cunning

You, soldier, grab your GUN
 The British are our foes
 Kill them quick, kill them fast
 Strike them down in rows

You, pilot, grab your PLANE
 As the bombs start to fall
 The Germans want to rule the
 world
 So we must kill them all

You, sir, push the BUTTON
 The Russians we must destroy
 And if someone should sur-
 vive it

We'll have a world of joy
 You, caveman, grab your
 CLUB

Richard Matt
 Sophomore
 St. Joseph, Mo.

Winter Thoughts

When the wind is nibbling
 On the earth,
 Once again a thinker
 I will be.

In the cold and still
 Of solemn glory,
 I will ponder what it IS
 To be.

When the sky comes down
 To touch the trees,
 I'll look up
 And hear each falling feather-
 ed heartbeat.

And in the blue of winter
 I will stand
 And softly say,
 "Oh winter silence, stay!"

Nancy L. Boyd
 Sophomore
 Marcus, Iowa

Geese

The geese
 flying
 free
 late at night
 over the dorms
 never worry
 about
 grades,
 money,
 and
 Viet Nam

Larry Cox
 Freshman
 Conway, Iowa

Japanese Haiku

Death is a deep wound,
 Slow to heal and leaving an
 Everlasting scar.

Tears are like a lamp,
 With the ability to
 Be turned on and off.

Utter frustration
 Is a completely blank mind
 While taking a test.

Lynette Dennis
 Freshman
 West Des Moines, Ia.

The Storm

Rhinestones array the grass
 Diamonds fill the sky
 Pearls dangle from tree limbs
 And a tear falls from my eye.

The sky alights with lightning
 And I hear the thunder roar.
 An oak tree splits in half
 And the oak tree is no more.

Mary Mast
 Sophomore
 Excelsior Springs, Mo.

My Joys

The bells of happiness I sing for,
 The joy of ringing melody near;
 The sun's rapturous song of morn,
 And the night in sparkling starlight clear.

Candles of liberty in shining charades
 Flickering in portholes of a silent night,
 While a babe in her mother's arms
 Is soothed by a lullaby of sleep.

The joy of an open field in cool twilight,
 The hawks circling rendezvous with the clouds;
 Shade by a trickling creek of pebbles,
 And stalks standing tall against the sky.

Steadiness of friendship so dear,
 Laughter of their warm welcomes,
 The giving of a gift of kindness,
 And receiving life in return.

An anthem piercing the heart with song,
 Flowers filling fragrance,
 The cross seeking our everlasting life,
 And color? stained windows of beauty.

These are my joys I sing for,
 In the night's silent array,
 And peeling bells of freedom,
 Forever, let them be mine!

Margaret Hall
 Freshman
 Maryville, Missouri

From a Secluded Corner

In the far distance,
 Out of the night that envelopes me,
 A fire burns.
 Like a sacred altar it glows,
 Sending through the dark,
 Piercing rays of illuminating brilliance,
 Revealing sins that were developing,
 And multiplying in the blackness.
 I see shadows born of the night.
 There are men there for only men make fire . . .
 I know man well, I know him intimately,
 I fear him as a stalked animal fears the advancing hunter.
 I want to leave this place of hiding.
 I long to stand and curse the persecutors of humanity
 But the fire is too brilliant,
 And I fear the men.
 Eventually, the light will fade,
 And the creatures of the night will again begin their search,
 Their primitive ritual of survival.
 Behind me to the left I believe I hear the footfalls
 Of a man groping in the darkness
 And I fancy I see the faint glow of a dimmed torch.
 Someone comes.

Laverna Malone
 St. Louis, Missouri

Just Strolling

Across the campus one autumn day
 These things I sensed along the way:
 Pigeons playing hide and seek
 around The Towers . . . the sting of cool
 north wind . . . seed pods of cotton weed . . .

Poison ivy waving flags
 of danger . . . the ring of pounded rivets
 on the Fine Arts building . . . jet ribbons
 across the sky . . .

Concerned countenance of a boy
 with a flat tire . . . prize dahlias
 in the president's yard . . . the drone
 of sky pilots at practice—
 And many more that autumn day.

Lettie Siddens
 Junior
 Maryville, Mo.

Dirge in Gentle Proportions

Oh stop
 And hear the measured sound
 Of footsteps falling soft around.
 With noble tread
 They call.
 Oh weep
 To see the fallen bough,
 Which looks like Youth, and how
 Its branches
 Broken lie.
 Oh sleep
 Among the gone unnumbered
 Whose restless nights have passed unslumbered
 In thoughts of death
 Like these.

Nancy L. Boyd
 Sophomore
 Marcus, Iowa

To Three Goldfish in a Brandy Snifter

Somehow, somewhere, someone got confused,
Because I have three goldfish in my brandy-snifter.

What's the matter, little goldfish with the black tail?
Has your world shrunk like unsanforized jeans?
Do you wonder what those six gold marks are,
three on a side of your funny world?

Your world is frightening, suffocating . . .
Often you swim to the top and mouth frantic bubble-prayers
for renewal.

I see you . . . and pity you.
I, your great Omnipotent One, give you a fresh world.

You, three goldfish in a brandy-shifter, are not like me.
You merely live in your world.

Will my Omnipotent One give me a new world . . .
I, who cannot merely live . . .
When I mouth frantic bubble-prayers?

Sherrie Hartman
Senior
Glenwood, Iowa

Lonely Blue Boy

Lonely Blue Boy
Why do you fear the touch of a friend?
You stand braced in your armor
Ready with your shield and sword.

Lonely Blue Boy
Why do you fear the warmth of love?
Your eyes are so empty, bleak, full of despair—
So must be your soul.

Lonely Blue Boy
Why do you fear to be known as you are?
You have covered yourself
You have covered yourself
With the thin vincer of pseudo-sophistication.

Lonely Blue Boy
Why do you stand poised to run?
Your eyes cry for love
Yet your soul weeps with fear.

Poor Lonely Blue Boy
You know that the only antidote for fear is love
Still you would choose rather to keep the poison
Then to take the antidote.

Great is your pain
Lonely Blue Boy
Great is your pain
—And my sorrow

Sherrie Hartman
Senior
Glenwood, Iowa

Life

Winged monarch, universal mother,
Constant companion, faithful lover,
Your meaning to me is like no other.

You are the sun dancing in the woods; you are the stars that
blanket the earth, ;you are temporality and immortality. Your
substance is unutterable. Life, you are friendship on cold,
stormy days. You are sorrow and anguish and fear and death.
You are my dreams, my hopes, my aspirations: conflicts, trials,
degradations. You are the rain that falls on blades of grass,
the snow that nourishes the same. You are the babbling brooks,
the simpering winds, the drops of sadness from all eyes, the
beginning adn end of all mankind. You are the summer with its
bees and honey, flowers, warmth, and love. You are the fall
that glides on yellow leaves; you are pumpkins and teasing
winds. You are winter full of cold and closeness, snowmen and
husky gales. And Life, you are spring with trite flirtations,
trees an ddaffodils.

You are all of these, but yet I know

That as I come and as I go,

Monarch, you will still be so.

Sandy Robinson
North Kansas City, Mo.
Sophomore

Parting

When you must pass on to something new,
How hard it is to bid adieu.
When you must leave your friends behind,
Those you love and those so kind,
You wonder why life should be so cruel
As to set down such a rule
That you must leave and say goodbye;
That you must live and then must die.

Kay Bray
Freshman
Weatherby, Mo.

This Mad Hope Called Spring

Hope is spring
Leaping forth in all
its unbounded happiness
Wild, changeable
Rain, sun, spring
Hope.

Run with me, my love
Across the hastily growing
green
The vigorous sun-drenched
green
Feel the cool life-giving damp-
ness
Ooze between your toes.

Hope—for it is spring!
Clutch my hand, love
Pull me after you
As we run to the top of the hill
To survey the bursting tree-
tops—
Hear the birds?

Catch me, my love
Or I will disappear.
Hold me close
Or I will sweep away
With the flight of spring.
Irene Hause
Senior
Northfield, Minnesota

Hope No. 2

Hope, you say?
Why, I ask?
I hoped once
Twice
And a third time,
Rebuilding from the first two
hopes.
Patiently I cleaned the pieces
Glued together what remained,
Trying to ignore what lacked.
The task finished, I stood back
And forced myself to admire
My unsuccessful work.
Then I picked it up,
Smashed it on the floor
And dissolved it with my
tears.

Irene Hause
Senior
Northfield, Minnesota

ART

Art is a joy
For every girl and boy
At which they can have suc-
cess
And feel that life isn't all one
big mess.

Art is where each child can
say,
"This is mine!
This is what I can do!"
And seem ten feet tall
When he shows it to you.

Art is where each child
Bold or mild
Can look at his creation and
feel
"This is what I see and know
to be real."

Glenda Bright
Senior
Lineville, Iowa

I am Me

I like to be different
To show my individuality
My freedom
with weird stockings,
straight hair—
although it may not seem so
good.

I am looked at,
laughed at—
made a conversation piece—
and yet,
I don't care
for

I am different.
I am an individual
unlike any other—
I am me.

Barbara Corbett
Freshman
Coon Rapids, Iowa

A Thought

My parents constitute a very personal thing for me.
My mother is the handkerchief that dries away my tears;
My private book of wisdom to last throughout my years;
A treasure chest of golden verse to make my day so bright;
My vast coven of courage in daytime and at night.
My medicine for heartaches; the cure for any pain;
My rich reward for tasks that I have not done in vain.
My father is the pillar upon which my lineage rests;
The marking pencil of my errors; the grader of my tests;
That magic masculinity that balances my fate;
My government of habits; executor of my estate;
My supply of all support, in courage or justified pride;
My lawyer and physician, in one, right by my side.
My father is the eagle, my mother is the dove,
And I, my friends, am simply the expression of their love.

Sandy Robinson
Sophomore
North Kansas City, Mo.

Magnetic Souls

We live longer, "The life-span
is now seventy . . ."
Three score and ten to waste
by each. A plenty.
Men are subtle, and through the law
they ended rape,
But now they spin our souls
on magnetic tape.
People are weary of anesthesia
by radioed drums,
Would dine with Knowledge, but below
the table, snap at crumbs.
God saw Moses, and from his hand dropped
manna from heaven's stair,
But inflated money (without the love)
is modern man's welfare.
Hollow churches reiterate "God is love."
(click) "God is love." (click)
Can a church buy new organs with skilled
use of a loanshark's trick?
So what would come if science saw
(with no time left to run)
God's hand reaching out of space
and snapping off the sun?

David I. Wright
Junior
Fort Dodge, Iowa

Campus Dawn

Sun in the trees,
This morning you have
Wakened me in majesty.

Sun in the trees,
Your splendor wings my song
On bright tongue
And silver lips pressed to my ear
In the lark's cry f.om the pine.

With more than my hands can hold,
You have heaped your glory
And made it mine,
And I drift it through my sleepy fingers,
Sift its brilliance through.

Sun in the trees,
Let me rise to sing with you,
For my slender heart is bursting with your light.

Nancy L. Boyd
Sophomore
Marcus, Iowa

Escape

The fire reached out with slender blue and yellow fingers
And pulled my heart and mind along
The paths of life; in deep reflection back and forth
Among the great and noble heritage
That I could truly call my own. I smile at all my fellowmen
And state, This life is mine.

I fashioned it from out the myriad things that God allowed
To grow within his universe;
The kindness of a saint like Francis that filtered
through the years,
The pride of one like Socrates,
Who stood condemned but would not bow to unjust accusation,
The love of fellowman that grew
From out of Galilee and grows each day to make a
better world.

And then before this heart and mind must see in retrospect,
The hate, the envy, and the unjust acts committed hastily,
The fire pulled back its slender fingers and released its hold.

Johnie M. Imes
Junior
Maryville, Mo.

The City

A city is humanity. It is ugliness and suffering; it is beauty and happiness. It is not the loneliness of rejection; even more terrible, it is the loneliness of never being known. It is the joy of independence and, at the same time, of being a part of something greater than oneself.

A city is a Negro boy in Harlem, asked by a teacher "What is a man?" writing, "A man is just a boy with a scarred soul." A city is death; a city is life. It is people going their separate ways, never nodding, never knowing each other, but with their lives inextricably intertwined, each life nourished by all the others. A city is culture. It is seldom going to the opera; but it is being influenced subtly but powerfully by breathing the same air as people who have.

A city is despair, because it is the ghetto, the appalling chaotic ugliness of the neon jungle, the people crowded against each other, forcing the denial of dignity. A city is hope because it is change and opportunity and freedom.

A city is a living museum and laboratory for the display and enactment of the accomplishments of Man. A city is the greatest of all works of art, because it is all the arts, strangely chaotic and coherent

The Hayride

Like searchlights trying to find a lost ship in a hazy channel, the tractor lights behind us try to find their way to our wagon.

The fog is too thick.

Not really fog,

But a mixture of moist night air,

Flying hay worn loose by the grating spokes,

And powderlike dust ground by other tractor wheels,

Busy daytime wheels.

A fog too thick, too, for the captain of our ship,

The tractor driver,

Who keeps glancing back to see his daughter and her boyfriend on the wagon behind.

Their laughter has drawn his attention.

I look back, too.

Jokes, people jumping from rack to rack, singing.

Like a wagon train wandering over endless hills

as its riders pass the time.

Where will we camp tonight?

And around us a silence,

A silence that no noise can rouse.

The summer land waits for the harvest.

The tractor driver looks back again.

He speaks.

Shall we go around another section?

Of course.

Barbara Laur

Westboro, Missouri

REMEMBER MOTHER ON Mother's Day—May 9

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Sue Welsh
Mr. Tom Mathews
Miss Barbara Palling

at the same time; it is all the MSC Boasts New Look

in separation, in mixture, in compound, and in the process of transmutation and creation.

A city is humanity. A city is the Spirit of Man incarnate.

Cite Miss Hunter for Services to MATE

Miss Violette Hunter, English Department, was cited for her service to the Missouri Association of Teachers of English at the organizations' spring meeting. For the past two years, Miss Hunter has supervised the selection and publication of "Missouri's Youth Writes," a booklet containing representative written work of students in the high schools of Missouri.

Dr. Frank Grube and Mr. Dale Midland, chairman and instructor in the English Department respectively, were named to positions on the MATE board.

Love Is Gone

Dreary is the night.

The stars fail to appear,

And the moon

Refuses the world its light.

Love was sweet,

But now just a memory.

Forget him forever.

Let him fade as a silhouette in the street.

Cry? Just a little.

Then lift your head to laugh

For soon the music man will come

With his fiddle.

Sharon Boyles

Freshman

Stewartsville, Mo.

Since the MSC Administration Building was erected in 1905, the campus has experienced steady growth in its dormitory and educational facilities. Roberta Hall, formerly residence hall, was erected in 1924, the Wells Library in 1938, and the J. W. Jones Union Building in 1951, just to mention a few. Colden Hall and Lamkin Gymnasium were erected during the past ten years along with additions to both the men's and women's dormitories.

An approximate \$8.5 million construction program is now in the planning stage. Two seven-story dormitories with a cafeteria between is being planned, as well as a \$3 million science building. Construction will soon begin on the J. W. Jones Union Building which will double its present size.

MSC Adult Homemaking Classes Start Monday, May 3

Adult homemaking classes for homemakers in the Maryville area will begin Monday night at 7:30 in the Home Economics Department under the sponsorship of the MSC home economics majors.

The lessons will be directed toward the main theme "Family Food Fun or Fuss." The members of the adult Homemaking Education Class are Wanda Cox, Mrs. Martha Klinzman, Georgia Linville, Sharon Ostrus and Mrs. Judith Weese.

To Give Peace Corps Exam Tomorrow

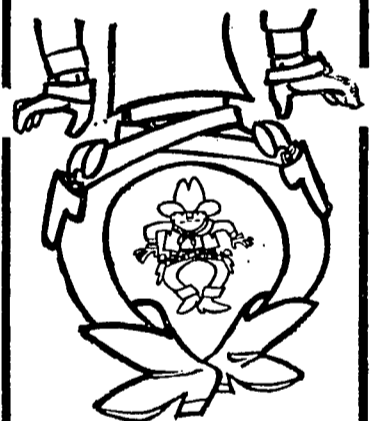
Saturday, May 1, at 8:30 a.m., the Peace Corps Examination will be given on campus, according to Dean Koerble. This examination is for all interested students. Those students planning to take the examination will be required to complete a peace corps questionnaire before the exam will be given. Copies of the questionnaire may be picked up in the Dean of Students' office. Students should either return them to the office or turn them in before taking the exam.

All students interested in taking the exam are asked to report to the Dean of Students' office Saturday morning.

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MSC Organizations Increase Scope With Varied Program Activities

Phi Mu Initiates Greek Of Week on Campus

Phi Mu Sorority has started a program of selecting an outstanding Greek woman as Greek of the Week. She may be chosen for a specific contribution or for her over-all contributions. Each week there will be a poster in Roberta Hall lounge announcing who was chosen.

Miss Shirley Moore has been selected to the first Greek of the Week. Shirley is president of Alpha Sigma Alpha sorority and of Cardinal Key. She is active as a member of Kappa Delta Pi, Student Senate, Disciplinary Committee, and a Union Board committee. In past semesters she has served on the Religious Emphasis committee, a Campus Bowl team, and represented her sorority as a Homecoming queen candidate and a Tower queen candidate. She is also listed on the Dean's Honor Roll.

SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

On April 6, formal initiation took place in the Sigma Sigma Sigma chapter room. Cindy Darnell, a first semester pledge, added to the list of 52 collegiates of the Alpha Epsilon chapter. Cindy is a second semester freshman majoring in history.

Select Next Year's Cheerleaders; 4 Coeds Return

Cheerleaders for next year's football and basketball teams at MSC have been selected, according to Miss Bonnie Magill.

Four of the six coeds are veterans of one or more years of varsity cheerleading while two are joining the ranks for the first time. The new cheerleaders are Mary Frances Schulenberg, a sophomore from Hiawatha, Kas., and Beverly Sheets, a freshman from Braymer, Mo. Returning cheerleaders are Pat Noah, Marcie Severson, Elaine Sherman and Celia Thompson.

The cheerleaders will attend a national cheerleading school at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Tex., August 22-27.

APO Elects Dan Schneider

Newly elected officers of Alpha Phi Omega, National Service Fraternity, are Dan Schneider, president; Sam Datzell, first vice president; Mike Armintrout, second vice president; Alan Scott, recording secretary; Steve Crouse, corresponding secretary; and Stuart Robertson, treasurer.

Colhecon Style Show

Colhecon, a departmental organization sponsored by the College Club Chapter of the Home Economics Association, will present a style show open to the public on Monday, May 7.

The style show will include the showing of garments made by members of the construction classes.

Campus Organizations Contribute to MSC

Members of the nine Greek letter organizations spent their spare time last week cleaning up the MSC campus.

As a part of Greek Week, the fraternity and sorority members raked leaves, swept the campus streets, and cleaned up trash around buildings.

Friday's All-Greek Dance in the Student Union Blue Room climaxed the Greek Week activities which were co-sponsored by the Interfraternity Council and the Pan-Hellenic Council. The final event was a picnic on the James Ray farm southwest of Maryville.

Gamma Sigma Sigma, the national service sorority at MSC, held a campus clean-up day Saturday as one of their voluntary service projects to the college.

About 40 coeds began working at 8 a. m. and continued until the job was finished. The MSC chapter of Alpha Phi Omega, national service fraternity, contributed to the clean-up day by planting trees on various parts of the campus.

Elect Mary Mast Mo. SNEA Historian

Miss Mary Mast was elected State Student N. E. A. Historian at the Mo. SNEA Workshop held recently in Columbia, Missouri. Eighteen members from the John Dewey Chapter on campus attended the meeting. Miss Sharon Schmidt served as a discussion leader on the topic "Criteria for an Effective Student N. E. A. Chapter." Miss JoAnn Fender served as her recorder.

Pi Omega Pi Banquet May 5

Pi Omega Pi, honorary business fraternity, will hold its annual banquet on May 5 at Armstrong's Restaurant. Mr. Lee Agee, area representative for the Southwestern Publishing Company, will be the guest speaker of the evening.

Primarily, the annual banquet is held to honor the outstanding senior and the outstanding junior of the Pi Omega Pi organization.

LIFE

with the

BEARCATS

Engaged... Charlotte Hersberger (Peru State) to Larry Nedrow
Lyn Rutz to Don DeWinter
Sandra Ingram to Ron Codgill (TKE)

Mary Alice Smith to James Charles Smith (Peru)

Pinned... Carol Chaput to Wilson Tatman (William Jewell)

Newly elected officers of the Book Club are Linda Sweeney, president; Nancy Boyd, vice president; and Roberta Duffett, secretary and treasurer.

Bear Beat

The night was dark and the sky was shrouded with a heavy overcast. When the "thing" walked by in the dim light, it was as if a monster had stepped out of a grade "z" monster picture of the variety shown Sunday nights on Channel 2. Green moss and algae clung to his hair and arms; his clothing was soaked through with muddy water. He has appeared before, though, so the incident wasn't too shocking.

These "monsters" come in a variety of sizes and shapes and, occasionally, sexes. They all belong to a club whose membership is steadily growing as the weather becomes warmer. Initiations take place whenever the urge strikes, but the result is always the same; someone joins the ducks, snails, muskrats, and dirty water of the college pond.

There was a time when the club was limited to persons who had just become engaged. But, for some reason, the qualifications have been relaxed. If one has a grudge or a bone to pick, all one has to do is to gather about a few friends, the number depends on the size of the initiate, grab the ill-fated fellow, and make a hasty march to the side of the pond. All that is left to do now is a hearty heave-ho, and the grudge is suddenly gone; and so are the ducks and muskrats—they don't like unexpected company. After the initiation they don't linger around the clubhouse or the initiated. The initiated have been known to be so "overwhelmed" with gratitude for the honor of joining the club that they rust up to the closest person and give him a hearty and prolonged embrace.

"I was so cold last night I couldn't sleep. I just lay there and shivered."

"Did your teeth chatter?"

"I don't know—we don't sleep together."

Patronize the advertisers.

PEM Club Offers Activities to Members

One of the more active departmental organizations on campus is the PEM Club, sponsored by Mrs. Dorothy Walker and open to all physical education majors and minors in the women's field.

Chartered by the A. A. H. P. E. R., Nov. 14, 1950, the organization lists as its main purposes "to develop an interest in the major field; to encourage and maintain high standards of scholarship and professional preparation of women in physical education; to offer professional experiences that are not provided in the classroom, and to promote greater fellowship among majors and minors in women's physical education."

Included activities of PEM are Career Day, volleyball and basketball participation at Warrensburg, and attendance at the Danish Gymnastics, also at Warrensburg. PEM also schedules guest speakers, such as head football coach, Ivan Schottel, who addressed the club recently.

At a recent meeting the Physical Education Majors Club elected officers for the coming year. They are Joyce Whetstone, 1st vice-president; Linda Greenwood, 2nd vice-president; Carol Jean Wolverton, secretary; Sue Wagers, treasurer; and Melinda G. Bauman, reporter. Dr. Kathryn Riddle announced the intramural chairman, Kathy Smith; assistants are Jan Merrill and Judy Hyder.

Coach Ivan Schottel was the

guest speaker at the April 19 meeting. "Football for Spectators" was the subject of his talk.

Programs planned for next fall include speakers talking on occupations available to physical education majors other than teaching in elementary or high school areas.

Albertson and Buckey Represent MSC

Charla Albertson and Galen Buckey represented MSC at the National Pi Kappa Delta honorary fraternity's speech contest held at Tacoma, Washington. Competing in cross examination and extemporaneous speaking, the two won four contests and lost four, three of which were in the quarter finals.

An intra-squad tourney will be held nightly at five o'clock from April 27 - May 5. The public is invited.

Now that spring has caught up with us we will have to back up on a few of the big undertakings we planned while the snow was on.

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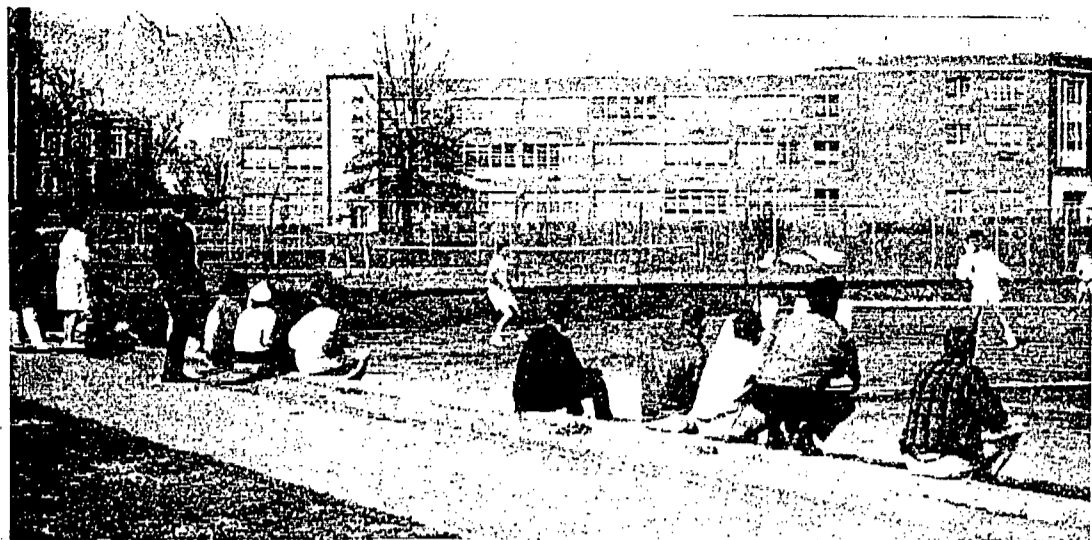
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BEARCAT TENNIS players defend their positions in doubles play in a recent varsity match. Warland Griffith and Jim Crozier prepare to return an opponent's serve as

spectators huddle against a strong wind. Coach Robert Gregory's racketeers strongly threatened highly touted Warrensburg last week before finally losing.

Parsons Edges MSC Net Team In 5-4 Session

The Northwest State College tennis team, coached by Robert Gregory, was edged, 5-4 Saturday afternoon by the Parsons College team on the MSC courts.

After losing the first singles matches, the Bearcats came back with victories in the last

two singles contests and in two doubles matches but could not overcome the early deficit.

Jim Schilling, MSC's first man, was downed, 6-1 and 7-5, by Pete Scheffield, Bruce Horrell was overpowered, 6-2 and 6-3, by Dave Bucknell, Bob Schilling was dropped, 6-3 and 6-4, by Brad Tait and Larry Harms was whipped, 3-6, 6-1 and 6-2, by Dave Romanoff. Warland Griffith came back for Maryville with a 6-4 and 6-1 win over Gary Foster, and

Schilling and Schilling won, 6-3 and 6-2, over Bucknell and Stan DeCozmo handled Jeff Mandel, 7-5 and 6-1.

Scheffield, and Harms and DeCozmo got by Wilson and Foster, 7-5 and 6-4. Horrell and Griffith could not keep the string intact as they lost 6-1, 4-6 and 4-6 to Tait and Romanoff.

The MSC team, now 5-4 meets William Jewell Thursday.

MSC, Peru Tie for First In Triangular

Maryville State and Peru engaged in a close battle all Thursday afternoon in a triangular meet at Peru, and they emerged tied for first place in the contest, with 88½ points each while Tarkio straggled home with only four points.

Letcher and Dave Phillips paced Northwest State College with 19¼ and 11¼ points, respectively. The Bearcats have yet to be defeated in dual or triangular track action this season. Although the 'Cats won 11 first places out of 17, Peru's depth made the difference.

Maryville's 440-yard relay team, composed of Pete Hager, Mick Ross, Dave Phillips and Letcher, took first place with a

time of :42.6 to start Maryville on the way. Letcher came back to win the 100-yard dash, while Hager and Ross took respective third and fourth places. Phillips followed with a victory in the 120-yard high hurdles, and Letcher and Hager countered with a one, two finish in the 220-yard dash.

Phillips swept the 220-yard low hurdles for his second first place just before the MSC mile relay team, with Phil Close, Brant Downey, Phil Frahm and Dan Haskell won their race in 3:25.

In the field events, Bob Graves took second in the pole vault, and then Maryville won the next five of six events. Keith Peterson won the high jump, Larry Brandt took the shotput, Letcher placed first in the broad jump, Jack Hack grabbed top honors in the javelin event and Joe Peirce won the triple jump. Joe Logan picked up a second place in the discus.

Maryville left this morning, accompanied by Coach Earl Baker, for the SMS Relays at Springfield.

State College Baseball Team Drops a Pair

Sophomore third baseman Jerry Albin rapped four hits, three of them triples, Saturday afternoon, but his heavy bat was not enough to carry the Northwest State College baseball team as it lost both ends of a doubleheader to Warrensburg, 2-5 and 5-12.

The Bearcats dropped two notches on the won-lost pole, standing now 1-5 for the season.

In the first game, the 'Cats jumped off to a quick, 1-0, lead, their only lead in the two contests, but lost it in the third inning when Warrensburg scor-

ed two runs. Benny Cain started and went five innings for Maryville. He was tabbed the loser in the initial contest. Catcher Leo Blakely and Albin were the only consistent hitters. Blakely stroked two hits in two times up, driving in a run each time. Albin was two for three in the first game.

Maryville started off six runs in the hole in the second game and never could threaten the

MSC Golfers Upset Ravens In 10-8 Win

Don Bellinger, Northwest State College's top golfer, posted a low 72 for medalist honors Monday afternoon in leading the Bearcats to a 10-8 upset win over St. Benedict's at Atchison.

Coach Ryland Milner's crew notched their second straight win and boosted their record to 4-2 overall. St. Benedict's was a highly touted golf team and had been expected to deal the 'Cats a defeat, according to Milner.

Bellinger scored a 3-0 win over Matthews, providing the margin for the win. Jerry Hansen defeated Pat Hare, 2-1, Jerry Robey nipped Powers, 2-1, and Don Peterson tied with Berkhout, 1½-1½. Maryville's Doug Stuber and Andy Anderson, lost matches Monday. Stuber was defeated, 2½-1½, by Knell, and Anderson fell to Dockezy, 1-2.

The 'Cats meet Warrensburg at 1 p. m. Saturday on the Maryville links.

Coach Ryland Milner's golf team showed its finest form yet this spring Saturday afternoon when they rapped the Peru Bobcats, 17-1.

In the 6-match contest, Mary-

ville lost only one point, running its season mark over the .500 position with a 3-2 record. According to Milner, the Northwest State College team will have a tough time staying above that mark, especially today when they meet the exceptionally strong St. Benedict's team on the Maryville Country Club links.

Five of the Maryville golfers, Jerry Hansen, Don Peterson, Don Bellinger, Jerry Robey and Mike Simon, scored 3-0 wins over their opponents, and the other competitor for the 'Cats, Andy Anderson, recorded a 2-1 win.

Sport Schedule

MSC's sports schedule for the coming week is as follows:

Baseball

Tarkio — Here — May 1
St. Benedicts — Here — May 4

Tennis

Rockhurst — There — May 1
St. Benedicts — There — May 3

Peru — There — May 4

MIAA — Rolla — May 6

Golf

Warrensburg — Here — Apr. 30

William Jewell — There — May 3

MIAA — Rolla — May 7-8

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BRUCE FALK calls for his "second-wind effort" even in practice as he works on his distance running. Falk has proven to be one of the top distance men in recent years at MSC.



TARZAN, THE APE-MAN? Not likely. Actually it's one of the many members of MSC organizations who donated their time to the improvement of campus beautification

last week. He's really a tree trimmer.

Tree's name? Well, it's a Betula pendula. Quite a picture. Tarzan trimming a Betula pendula. Where did Cheetah go? Who do you think took the picture???